SUMMER IN THE HEART.

Springtme may lose its freshest tints,
And autumn leaves their gold;
The bitterest blast and snowy wreath
May sweep across the weld;
But the years are full of splendors
That never will depart,
For they shed ~~epetran~~ *eternal* fragrance
When there's summer in the heart.

The shadows linger on the earth,
The sunbeams hide away;
The sad mists fold their chill white hands
About the face of day:
The tumult and the rush of life
Sound ay in street and mart;
But they cannot drown life's music
When there's summer in the hearf.

The city towers are crumbling fast,
And totter to their fall;
The ivied castle on the height
Shows many a ruined wall;
But men build eternal buildings
With strange and wondrous art:
They aee shrines for the immortals
When there's summer in the heart."

Montreal Star.

Reading Lesson - Ro. 13 1-10.